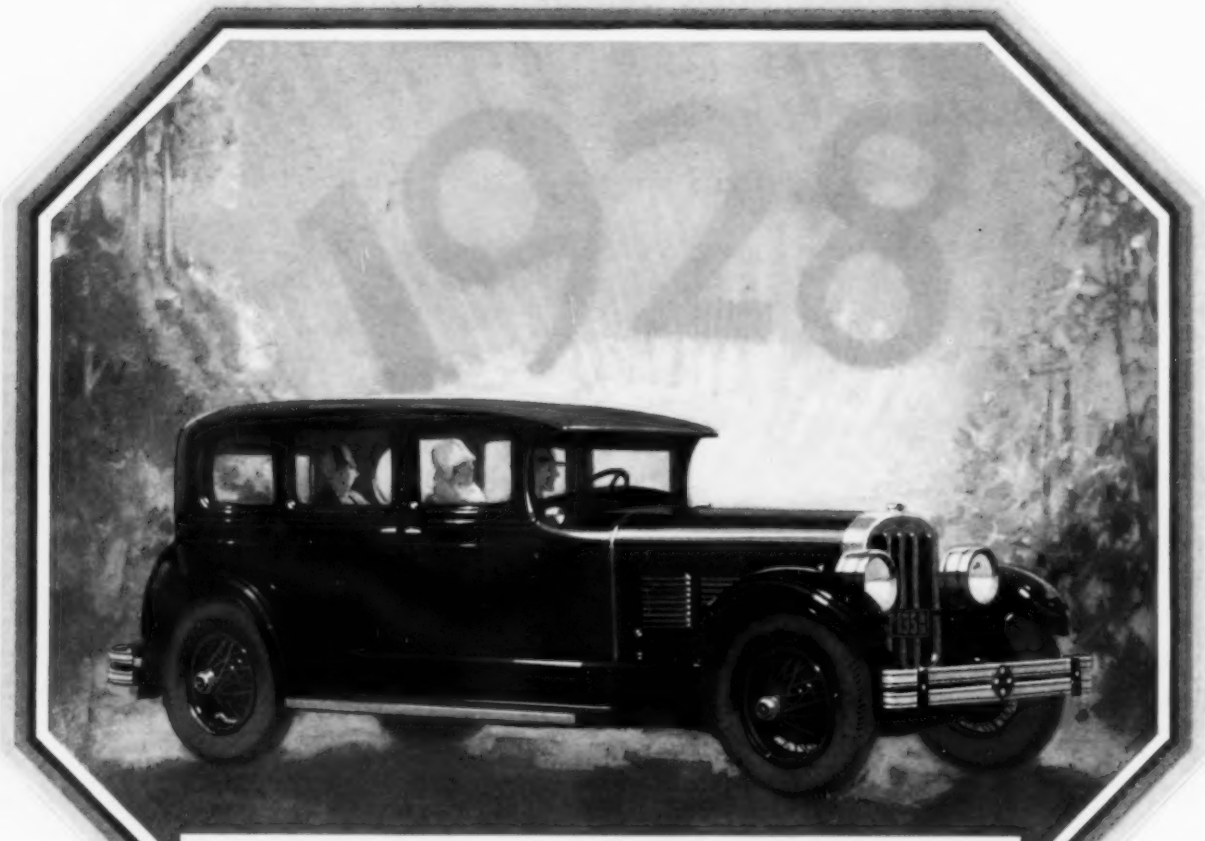
Life

OCTOBER 6, 1927

PRICE 15 CENTS

"By their DOGS ye shall know them"



Styled *for the* Boulevards Powered *for* Mountains

THE 1928 Royal Eights and 1928 Sixes by Chandler now give today's dollar a much bigger purchasing power . . . for Chandler is not only giving *more* in excellence but actually asking *less* in money!

These magnificent new cars have impelled a great and rapid surge in Chandler sales—each day gaining in momentum and volume, as more and more people see how much farther Chandler really makes the dollar go.

Styled, these new models, as if America's foremost artists and sculptors worked out the harmony of every line, every curve, every blending of color.

Powered to take the measure of the fastest cars in traffic—to master the steepest hills coolly and calmly, and go gaily on to the next. And what's more, Chandler's famous Pikes Peak motor principle combines with its mighty power a delightful smoothness and quietness.

Cars built with the most exacting precision—engineered to give you more mileage than you ever asked of a car—and all you ever do to lubricate the chassis, and keep it free from squeaks, is to press a plunger with your foot!

Just see the new Special Six Sedan at $995—the new Big Six Metropolitan Sedan at $1495—the new Royal Eight Sedan at $1995—and a score of other new models, all prices f. o. b. factory. Just drive!

CHANDLER-CLEVELAND MOTORS CORPORATION, CLEVELAND

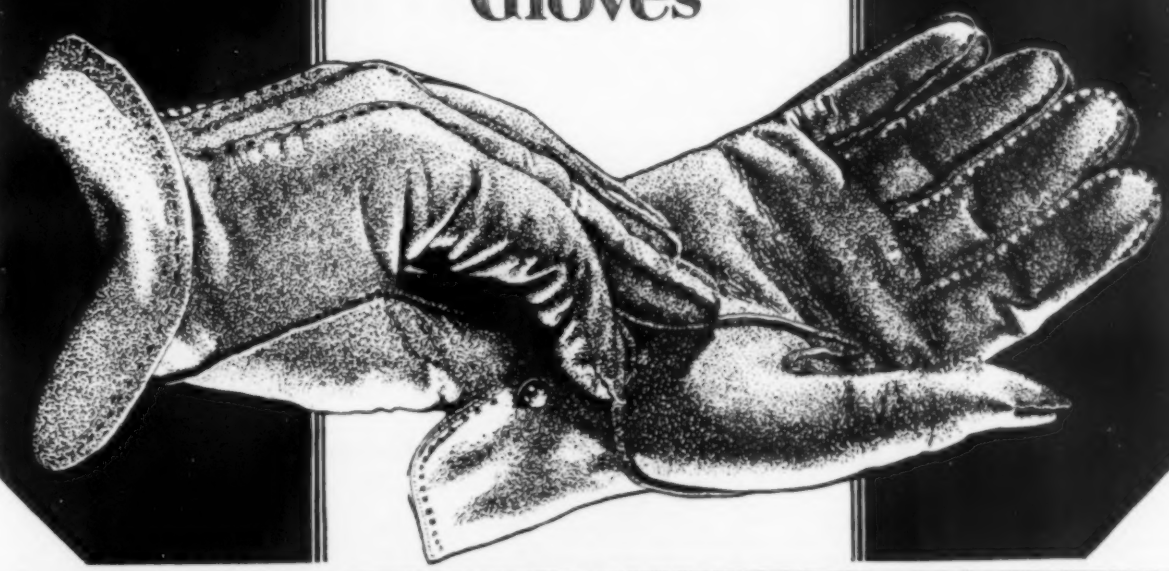
CHANDLER

NEW ROYAL EIGHTS NEW BIG SIXES NEW SPECIAL SIXES

"The Saratoga" $4.50

ASK for it by name in any of the better stores . . Just say, "Show me the *Saratoga* - in CALFSKIN." . . What an amazing leather it is! It can be called "wear-proof" but, it is as soft and flexible as a piece of thin kid . . Fine dyes have caught the rich, ripe golden shades of autumn and imprisoned them here —yet, this glove can be washed again and again, with soap and water, just as you wash your hands and still that soft rich newness remains . . This special number is attractively priced . . It is hand-cut, with hand-sewed back, hand-sewed hem and "Superseam" stitching on side and fingers . . A wonderful glove—and only four-fifty!

Daniel Hays Gloves



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High compression cars are here at last!

THE ADVENT of Ethyl Gasoline has in the last year brought a new standard of automobile performance to hundreds of thousands of car owners. As an Ethyl user, you have had the benefits of greatly increased speed, more power on hills and heavy roads, quicker acceleration, and complete elimination of "knock."

But the real high compression automobile is here at last!

Ethyl Gasoline has made it possible!

Ride with Ethyl in a high compression motor and get the thrill of a lifetime. Ethyl Gasoline is available throughout the United States and Canada at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trademark.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION · 25 Broadway, New York City

ETHYL GASOLINE

ETHYL
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Knocks out that knock

THE ILLUSTRIOUS NEW

CHRYSLER 72

Longer, Roomier, Faster . Handsomer

IN THE illustrious new "72"—modern as the next minute, longer, roomier, faster, handsomer, and with performance and riding results never before achieved—Chrysler excels even Chrysler in its appeal to discriminating motorists.

You probably can't even imagine out of your past experience a car that handles more easily at 70 and 72 miles than most cars do at 45—

That flashes from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds—That takes even mountain grades at constant acceleration, and makes you totally unconscious of all ordinary hills—That rides as softly as a down pillow, over brick, cobblestone or rutted dirt—That is beautiful and luxurious beyond description—

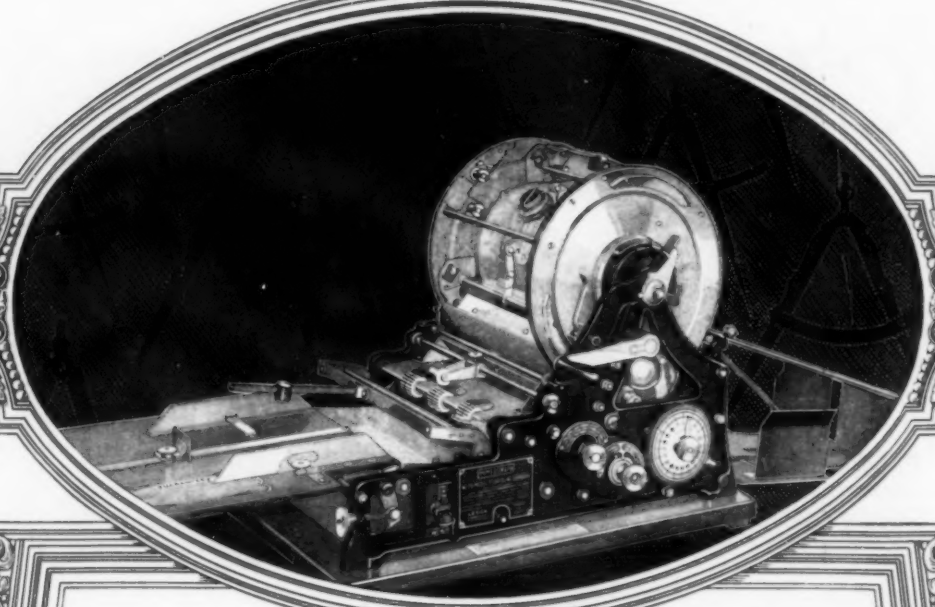
You can't imagine such a car because there never has been such a car in its class as the Illustrious New Chrysler "72".

Eight body styles, $1495 and upwards, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

New Chrysler "Red-Head" Engine

For those who seek supreme performance—speed, pick-up, hill-climbing ability, going beyond even the qualities of its standard sixes—Chrysler furnishes its new "Red-Head" high-compression engine . . . The new Chrysler "Red-Head" will be regular equipment on the Illustrious New Chrysler "72" Roadster. It is also available for all other "72" body models, at slight extra cost.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR



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OCT-4'27

Life

Darling: MAMA, I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU.
Mother: YES, DARLING, WHAT IS IT?
Darling: I'VE SWALLOWED A NAIL.

A Busy Man Proposes Marriage

"LISTEN, Teresa, darling...*will* you get out of here? Can't you see I'm in telephone conference with a lady?...No, Teresa, my angel, I wasn't talking to you then—that was my secretary who butted in. I called you up to tell you that I have laid my heart at your feet.... Well, then, where in the name of all that's holy *did* you put it?...No, that was Miss Majuzie, the stenographer; she's always mislaying something. ...—my heart at your feet, and if you want to know if I really love you, Teresa, my angel, you must at least give me credit—credit? credit?—just an instant, precious, that reminded me of something....Simpson, close that account of Zingbutz & Zingbutz, and tell them that if the bill isn't paid in thirty days we'll take it to the courts. ...You must at least give me credit, Teresa, for having a sincere interest—interest.... Simpson, not a fraction of a point less than six per cent. on that note to Darwin, Huxley & Hall... for entertaining a sincere interest—entertaining — entertaining....Miss Majuzie, I'd be much obliged if you'd dine to-night with that buyer from Zanesville; we need his account...so as a business proposition, Teresa, we — I mean I—can allow you ten days in which to accept....All right, take ten million cases from Raizens & Juniper.... What was I saying, Teresa? Well, why didn't you make a memo of it—think I can carry everything in my head...ohmyg a w dteresadarlingiwasn't-speakingtoyouthen....

"Hello, Teresa? Teresa?...

"She's hung up. You can't ever figure out a woman. Now, Miss Majuzie, on this letter from Tweedle, Dum & Dee...."

Tip Bliss.

"ENJOY THE LEGION CONVENTION IN PARIS, TOM?"
"NAW, I NEVER DID RUN ACROSS THAT SECOND LOOIE!"

Let There Be Light

OPTIMIST: I can see good in anything.

THE OTHER FELLOW: Can you see good in a movie theatre when you first go in?

"HOW DO YOU KEEP YOUR CHILDREN IN AT NIGHT?"
"I HAVE AN ENCLOSED CAR."

More Reasons

WHY I love him, even though he doesn't look like John Gilbert's lost twin brother:

Because he never attempts fancy clog steps.
Because he never tries to do fancy card tricks.
Because he never greets me with, "Hello, Sheba."
Because he never says, "Let's neck."
Because he never yells, "And how!"
Because he never knocks the daylights out of my father when he greets him.
Because he never tells my mother that she looks as young as her daughter.

Because he loves me, even though I am no counterpart of Norma Talmadge. *Gene Browne.*

The Avid Muse

MY muse's inspiration springs
From sources low and sadly tainted
With common and plebeian things
(With which, of course, you're unacquainted).
She most melodiously sings—
Composing villanelle or sonnet—
When Fancy to her vision brings
A red-hot dog with mustard on it.

If you'd inspire my muse to most
Exalted efforts just prepare her
A visionary round of roast
Beef, underdone, or—even rarer—
Corned beef and cabbage—humble fare,
Much favored by the lower orders,
Who relish its aroma where
The paying guests are merely boarders.

O tripe and onions! Dish supreme!
Your incense, heavenward ascending,
Evokes an evanescent dream
Of feasts Lucullan, never ending.
The fleeting fragrance of the rose
My muse despises and belittles;
The sweetest songs she sings are those
She warbles when she dreams of victuals.

J. Adair Strawson.

Giving It Wings

FLUB: Why are you writing your letter on fly paper?

DUB: I want to send it by air mail.

Some Relic

Antique Dealer: OH, YES. THIS CHAIR REALLY BELONGED TO JULIUS CÆSAR.
Customer: BUT THIS LABEL ON IT SAYS "GRAND RAPIDS."
Antique Dealer: OF COURSE. YOU SEE—ER—IT WAS PRESENTED TO HIM BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THAT CITY.

IF ALL THE NICE THINGS THAT ARE SAID ABOUT A BABY WENT TO ITS HEAD.

The Fashion Designer at Yosemite

"I NEVER saw anything like it! It was wonderful! Such color! I seemed to stand on a wall of taupe, fading away to a dim olive écru in the distance, while on my left was a cathedral of golden airedale, touched with aloma, antique, and ashes of roses with just a suggestion of bamboo and beaver. And in the distance walls upon walls of blonde, brick-dust, heather and brunette reflected the dying sun in a thousand tints of nutria, gamboge, honeydew, and horse-chestnut!

"And always the colors seemed to change and blend. Kit fox faded to wild honey and died away into vandyke; Spanish gold blushed and became tangerine, the sun kissed it and it became sherry deepening into jocky; glowing monkey skin became morning glory, became straw, became nut, became oyster, became pigeon, became popcorn and sweetpea, only to blend into a riot of brown sugar and verdigris. Flesh cliffs changed to nude and softened to French nude.

"I tell you it was wonderful! If I don't get a new shade of silk hose out of it I miss my guess!" *Paul S. Powers.*

Jane (who runs a tea-room): I'M GOING TO RAISE THE PRICE OF PEANUT-BUTTER-WITH-PARMESAN-CHEESE SANDWICHES TO A DOLLAR TWENTY-FIVE.

Joan (who runs another): OH—I'M TIRED, DEAR. LET'S NOT TALK SHOPPE.

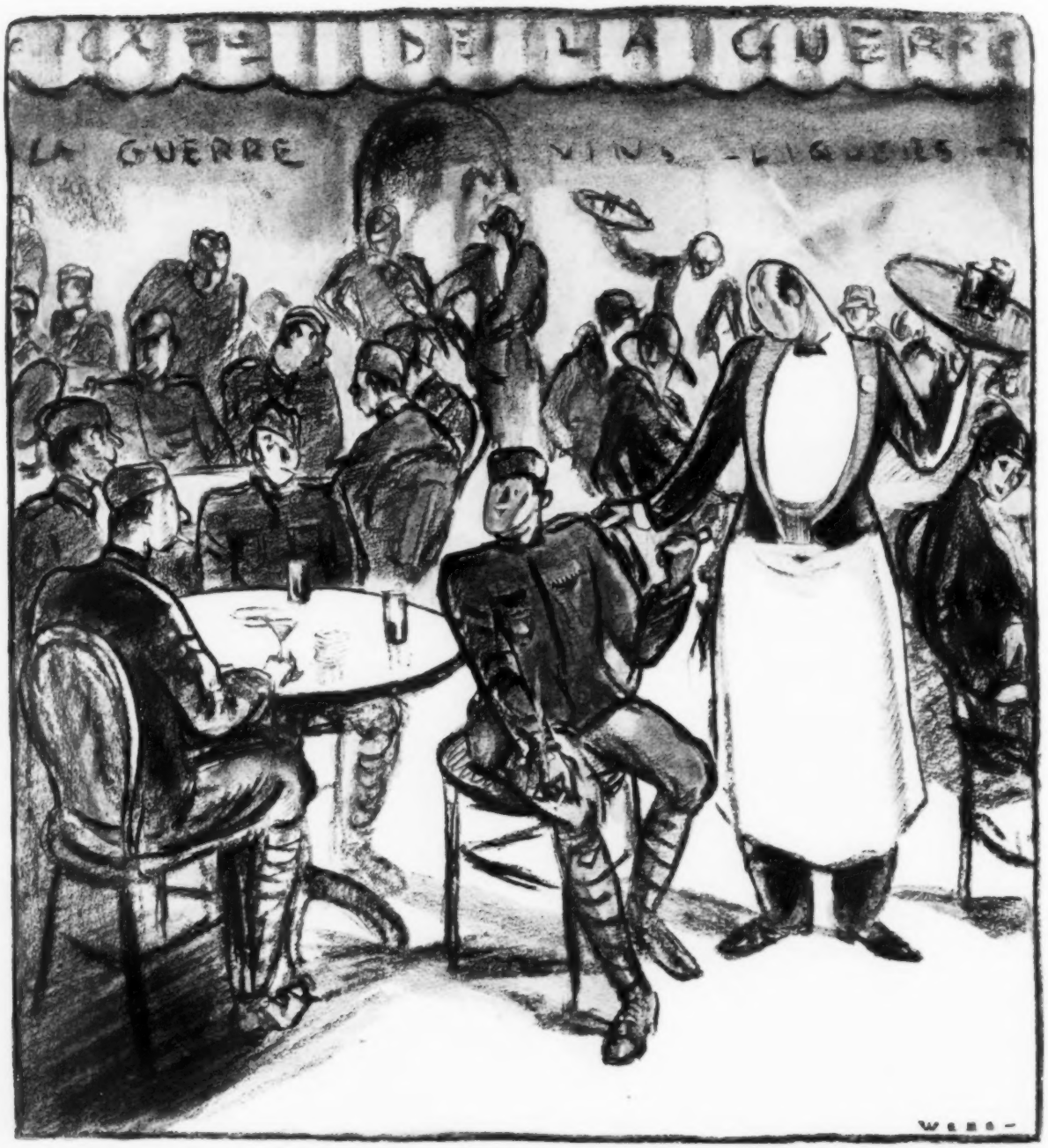
As a Motorist Thinketh

FIVE minutes late...say, who the XZCW*vs/ do you think you're passing?...lift the feet, lady, or lose a heel...darn pedestrians...sure, stall your motor in the MIDDLE of the street...swell idea ...well, tie that, cutting in that way...that's what causes accidents...turn, idiot, turn...huh, might have known it was a woman...wonder what that is I hear squeaking...say, that was a swell stop...shift, female, shift, strip 'em...come on, Buddy, if you want a race...blah, it's just such cuckoos that make driving what it is...no, you don't, yellow cabby, not on this light...that's good, the officer shoulda got him long ago...WHAT! He can't mean ME...why, I was driving like I always do... anyway, the light was green... it just shows what these cops are ...I'll get a summons now... wish I had a cigar or something. ...

Louis DeArmand.

College Opens

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR (*at home after exams*): What have we for dinner, dear? Answer briefly; take no more than two minutes for this question. Hint: I would like peaches for dessert.



"GEZE—HE DON'T REMEMBER ME—AN' I TAUGHT HIM TA SAY, 'GO TA HELL'!"

Insult

HE'S looking at me, the brute! I wish he'd stop. He's positively feasting his eyes on me! I hate it. The brute! I can't even look up or he'd think I was.... There! Now he's looking away. Thank goodness! It made me shiver to have him positively feasting.... What's he looking at now? Oh, I see.... That blonde with the point-needlework-and-lace-insertion yoke at the corner table! What does he see in *her?* There's a typical *man,* I'll say! They don't know their own minds, any more than rabbits! Just like all the rest of them—*the brute!* *A. M. S., Jr.*

THE prizefighter, to be a success, must always consider the rights of others.

Ballade of Triumph

LONG have I striven to inveigle
My ball along the narrow trail
That leads, by methods strictly legal,
Into the cup, the golfer's Grail.
My irons trickle down the dale:
I slice, I hook, I overrun;
But now, you fellow duffers, hail!
At last I've shot a hole in one!

Had I the skill of Leo Diegel,
Or Hagen's prowess with the flail,
I'd garner many a nifty eagle
And thrilling birdies by the bale.
Alas, it is of no avail;
Yet though I am no Jones or Gunn,
I stand within the sacred pale:
At last I've shot a hole in one!

Oh, boy, that drive of mine was regal!
I feel a most superior male—
A czar, a potentate, a Kleagle,
A sultan, on a minor scale!
I've twisted Bogey by the tail
And left Par bleeding and undone;
Words to express my feelings fail:
At last I've shot a hole in one!

L'Envoi

Oh, for a beaker of "Old Yale"!—
But, since it is a drink we shun,
Bring on your case of ginger ale!
At last I've shot a hole in one!

Norman R. Jaffray.

She: I'VE HEARD THAT ALL YOU DO IS PET.
He: DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT.
She: I WON'T IF YOU DON'T GET BUSY SOON.

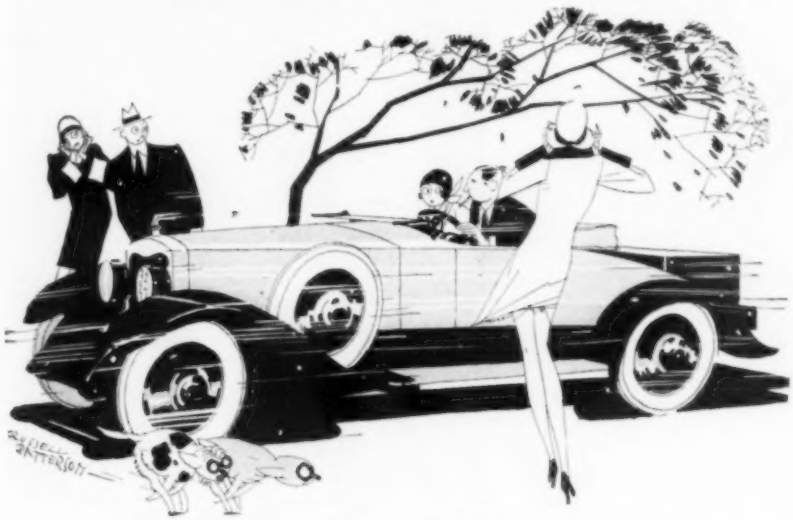
Solution

"THE trouble with this racket," said the movie palace owner, "is, we've gotta play to two audiences in a single puffawmance. There's folks that come only for the presentation, and there's those that don't give a damn about nothing but the movie. The presentation bugs get sore because they hafta sit through the movie, and the movie bugs, they're sore because they hafta sit through the presentation."

"Well," suggested the house manager, "why not run off the presentation and the movie simultaneous? Have two stages, see—something like in a circus."

"You're 'way off with that simultaneous idea," cried the owner. "You'd hafta make the movie bill run as long as the presentation or the movie fans 'ud feel gypped. I can't give 'em twenty-five reels of movie. It'll be cheaper, the way I figger, to build a separate house for presentations."

Tupper Greenwald.



She: GRACIOUS, ISN'T THAT MAN SPEEDING TERRIBLY?
He: YES—HE'S TRYING TO GET THAT LATEST MODEL HOME BEFORE IT BECOMES OBSOLETE.

In Bible Times

ARCHITECT (*to Lot*): Ah, what a beautiful monolith! Such graceful proportions! Such delightful curves! Such...

LOT: You damphool; that ain't no monolith! That's my wife!

JINKS: What are you doing for a living?

FEDERAL AGENT: The Government.

"OO-O, MAE—A RATTLESNAKE!"

The Perfect Correspondent

"Nothing is more discourteous than to neglect to answer a letter."
—*Manual of Etiquette.*

Fishjian Pressed Fruit Co.,
New York City.

DEAR MR. FISHJIAN:

Thanks ever so much for your kind offer to send me a crate of dates on approval, if I will sign the enclosed card, but I really have about all the dates I can conveniently take care of: you have no idea how popular I am. Besides, I don't think one should take dates on approval; it isn't cricket. They may turn out to be duds, but one should go through with them just the same. Don't you think that's the fair thing to do? Remember me to Mrs. Fishjian.

Cordially yours,
OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Squimp, Feeze and Shilbain,
Wall St., New York City.

GENTLEMEN:

I was delighted to get your nice letter telling me that those who bought Ford Motor stock twenty years ago are now wealthy. It bucked me up tremendously. It was good of you to give me a chance to buy some Peedle Utilities before it starts up to two hundred. I think you must be the kindest-hearted firm in New York and I want to do you a favor in return. I have owned some very handsome Siren Oil stock for ten years and I will sell it to you cheap. Think of the people who bought Standard Oil twenty years ago and are now wealthy. I should hate to see you miss this chance.

Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas,
"BUTCH."

Dopple and Paff Co.,
Asia, Ill.

GENTLEMEN:

Your fascinating letter about seeds came this morning and I can't wait another minute to tell you how it thrilled me. Your description of the Big Bishop Melon simply made my mouth water. But what I liked best was the paragraph about your Superior Super-Double Tremendous Purple Velvet Pansies. That, I want to say, was a powerful piece of writing. Letters like yours bring sunshine into this dull world of machinery; their charm is irresistible. Please write me again *soon*. I shall be lonely until I hear from you.

Best regards to Aunt Jane,
"HEART-SORE."

Mango Book Corp.,
Chicago.

"GENTLEMEN":

I am flattered to death to have been on the select list of prominent people to whom you are offering "The History of the World's Most Passionate Love Affairs." The specimen illustration of the lady in the fur rompers necking Tarzan is enough to convince anybody. I am sure it is a tremendously fine book, but I am being psychoanalyzed just now, so I guess I'd better not have it. You can't imagine how pleased I am to have you think of me in this regard. You really can't.

Dearest love,
Heman Fay, Jr.

Arrived

VIRGINIA: Mercy! I just heard that Margery had attempted suicide. Was it successful?

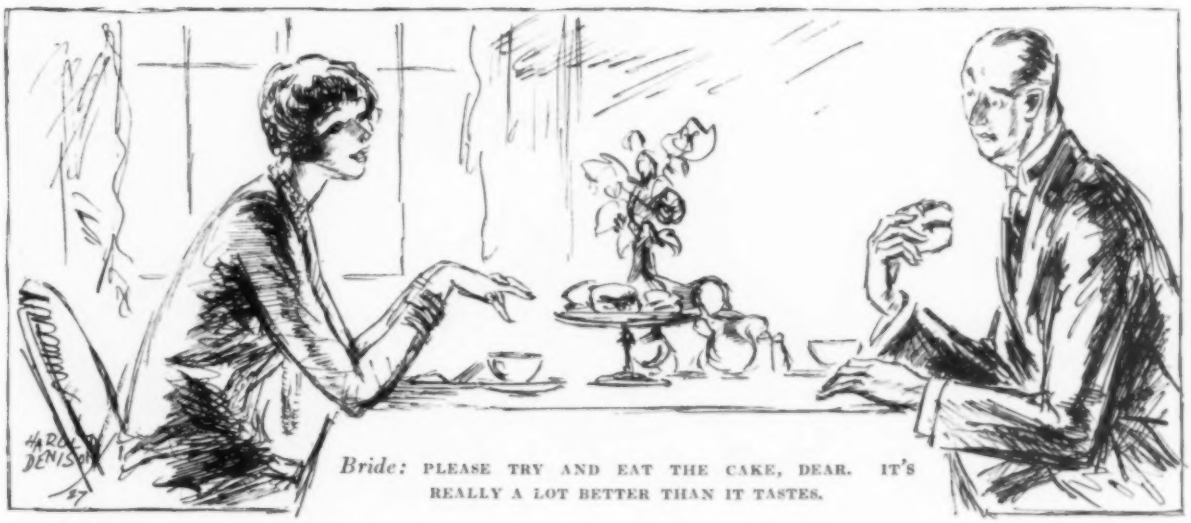
CAROLINE: Very. Both the *Morning Blaze* and the *Evening Scream* are publishing her diary.

MRS. WICKHAM: So you're moving to Florida?

MRS. CRANDALL: Yes, John swore he'd get Cuba on the radio or know the reason why.

Mythological Applesauce

Argus of the Hundred Eyes (to his intended): WHY, DARLING, I SWEAR I'VE NEVER EVEN LOOKED AT ANOTHER GIRL!



Bride: PLEASE TRY AND EAT THE CAKE, DEAR. IT'S REALLY A LOT BETTER THAN IT TASTES.

What Goes On Above the Shoulders of an Adagio Dancing Team

HE: Well, here's where I give the little girl a lift. Little girl! She was a little girl when Tony Pastor invented this racket. If she'd only lay off potatoes for a month. There she goes being graceful.

SHE: The more lollups I get in the longer it postpones my leap for life into the arms of that leaning tower. If I'd only stuck to toe-work I wouldn't be the nervous wreck I am now. An old woman at thirty

HE: Here she comes. She'll make up her mind any minute now. I must look like an idiot, standing here with my arm like this. All the nice old ladies out front are saying, "Isn't she lovely?" They don't have to lift her.

SHE: If he should miss me I'd go right on through the wings, the wall of the theatre and out into the street. Gosh, if I'd only stuck to toe-work.

HE: Why I ever gave up weight-lifting for this dancing racket, I don't know. With weights at least you don't have to worry about them wiggling when you get them up. And to think I left home 'cause Dad wanted me to help him out on the farm.

SHE: Look at the big lummox trying to keep time to the music. He thinks he's a dancer. Put a man in a leopard skin and there's no holding him. But holding me's what I'm worrying about.

HE: Now there's a little girl down there I'd like to toss around. I suppose she's wondering if Queenie and I are married. God, if I were married to her I'd——

SHE: Thank God, I'm up!

HE: Thank God, that's over!

Carroll Carroll.

THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

Why Taxi Drivers Look Haggard

"CAREFUL, sweet papa, you'll break your arm."

* * *

"Just because I don't care to."

* * *

"Not really for me! Oh, you wonderful man!"

* * *

"Now don't be an old heel, dear."

* * *

"*You'll* never know if it's the kind that rubs off."

* * *

"Who, him? Don't vaudeville me."

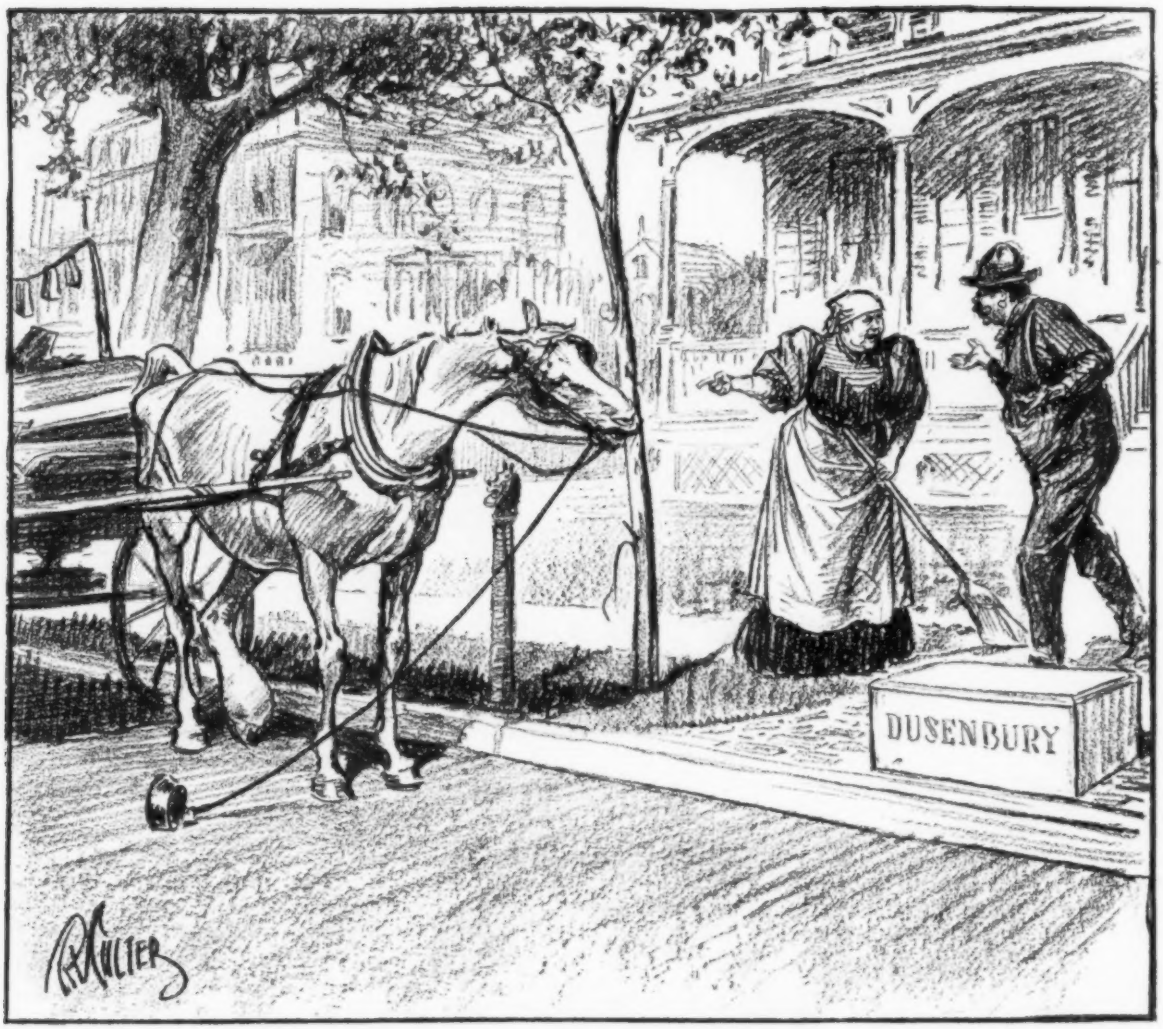
* * *

"Whata' you stopping here for?"

* * *

"Oh, DEAR, let's just ride." *L. D. A.*

GOLD-DIGGERS' CHORUS: "Tempting to-night——"



The Gay Nineties

O YOU WHO ROAM THE STREETS HOPELESSLY LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO PARK YOUR CAR, WONDERING IF YOU WON'T HAVE TO SELL THE DARN THING TO AVOID A SUMMONS—DON'T BLAME THE PRESENT DAY FOR THE PARKING PROBLEM. THE HECTIC NINETIES KNEW IT ALSO.

The Dawn of Romance

"I GOTTUM juss like *at,* Yoonuss, thass how I gottum....He comes uppa my counter anne sezz, 'I gotta cussummer complaint aboutcha, Miss Glebby,' he sezz, 'I'll hafta turnin ya name,' he sezz, annye sezz, 'Whooza cussummer and whassa complaint, Misser Sulluvun?' I sezz. Annee sezz, 'Stout lady inna red hat,' he sezz, 'anshee sezzya wouldn showa no goods,' he sezz. ...Can yamagine ut, Yoonuss?...Annye looktum right inna eye annye sezz, 'Oh, is thatsso, Misser Sulluvun,' I sezz. 'Well, lemmee tellya sumpm,' I sezz, 'thole fool wuzzere annour,' I sezz, 'annye took down everthin bummye hair, annats bobbed,' I sezz, annee sezz, 'Ya prefresh aincha?' Annye sezz right backattum, 'Sure I'm prefresh,' I sezz. 'Iss ony tha *fresh* eggs,' I sezz, 'at get inna tha swell hotels,' I sezz, annee sezz, 'Ya sure can thinkum up,' he sezz. 'How wouldja like ta get inna wunna tha swell hotels furra feed? How boutut, kid?' he sezz, annye sezz, '*You* otta know how boutut,' I sezz, 'ya payin forrut, Misser Sulluvun!'...Well, awnussly, Yoonuss, I thoughteed lay ridown inna aisle, he laffso....'Tha kizz clever,' he sezz. 'Yotta be onna stage,' he sezztamee, anawnussly, Yoonuss, I dono buteze right athat—I coont be worsean summa these janes.... Anyow, I gummye stuff across with Sulluvun—I gottum riware I wannum, Yoonuss. Yawaitun see. I gottum juss like *at!*..." *H. F.*

Saves a Step

FIRST AUTO MANUFACTURER: How's business?
SECOND: Great! We're making used cars now.

"ONE OF MY ANCESTORS CAME OVER ON THE *Mayflower*."
"OH, REALLY? HOW LONG IS HE GOING TO STAY?"

Threnody

LADY, never think that I'll forget
The luscious tinted oval of your face,
The perfect way your perfect lips are set,
The little stick that puts them in their place.

I see your pale vermilion finger tips,
And up until I die I can remember
The way you drew your coat about your hips
And thrust your naked legs into December.

All this, I say, I'll treasure 'til I'm dead.
(I can't recall a single word you've said.)

J. Canaday.

Watch Him!

"I HEAR that Jones is a triple-threat man."

"He is. He can quote from a scrap book, play a saxophone, or do a conjuring trick at a moment's notice."

SOCIAL NOTE—A fool and his money are soon party-ed.

How to Make Money Playing the Stock Market

(*According to the Advice of Experts*)

ALWAYS be satisfied with a reasonable profit and sell out promptly when the stock has risen five points, except in the event that the stock is going up. Then, hold on until it has reached its peak. No money is ever made by purchasing stocks outright, although buying on margin is an extremely hazardous thing. Never tamper with Oils. Confine all your transactions to Rails and Industrials because they are so much less stable and so much more tricky than Oils. It is tantamount to financial suicide to sell short and all the great fortunes acquired in the stock market have been made by selling short. Study the behavior of one particular stock and confine all your transactions to it, but you must be careful to diversify your speculations among a large group of stocks. No one except experts ever makes money playing the market, although huge fortunes are made frequently by persons unable to differentiate one stock from another. The best season of the year to play the market successfully is the summer, with the exception of June, July, August and September. A young man who plays the market consistently will end up in the gutter and be independently wealthy before he reaches middle age.

Robert Lord.

Husband (*after quarrel*): GOOD-BY, I'M GOING TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

Wife: ALL RIGHT. AND WHILE YOU'RE THERE YOU MIGHT GET THE EVENING PAPER AND SOME CANNED SALMON FOR SUPPER.

"I THINK SHE'S A CAT, AND I'D TELL HER SO TO HER FACE, ONLY WE'RE NOT ON SPEAKING TERMS."

He: I HEAR THAT YOU VASSAR GIRLS HAVE EVOLVED A WONDERFUL NEW CHEER.
She: YES, MY DEAR, IT'S A SCREAM.

To Alice, Who Saw Me Kissing Mary

WHEN I brought you my love, I was humble and meek,
Though my ardor was none the less burning;
Then I saw that you wanted, not love, but technique,
So, my dear, I have started in learning! *Dick Chryst.*

"WHAT sort of man is Snyder?" "All he needs is a car to be a drunken driver."

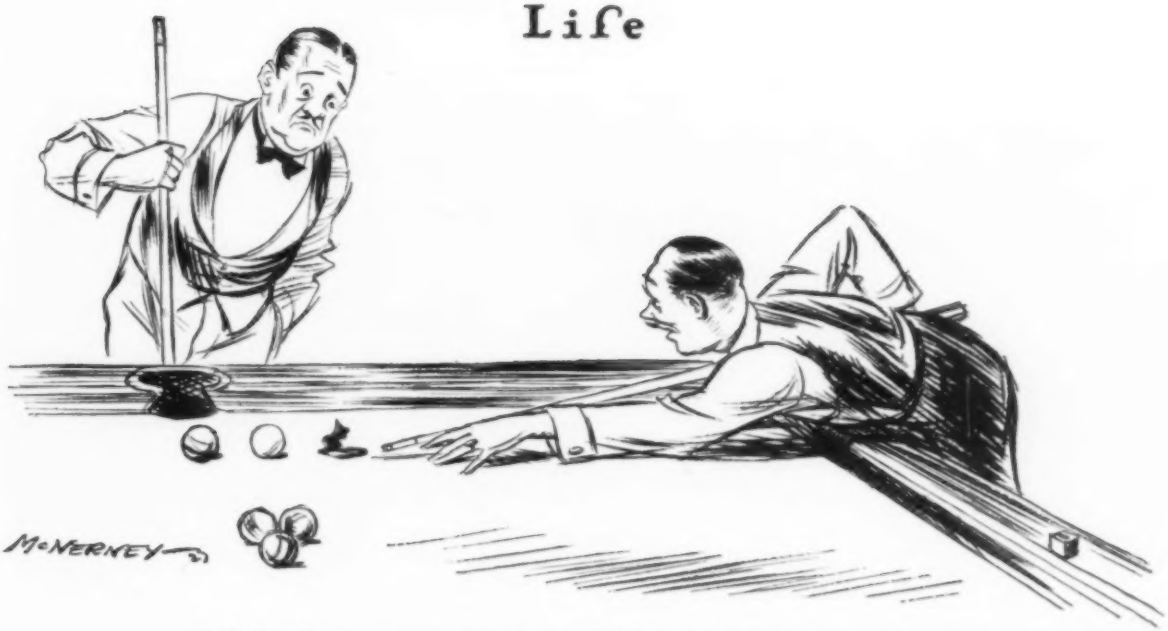
Mrs. Pep's Diary

September 13th The time of year is again at hand when I am fullest of high resolves, to lead a nobler and purer life for one thing, and to take up French history seriously for another, to the extent, at least, of having which mistress belonged to what Louis on the tip of my tongue, a point of erudition which I am not able to manage without a bit of reflection. It would also be a fine thing, methinks, to take up æsthetics and metaphysics where I once so reluctantly left them, but Lord! I shall probably end up the season as usual, with an even break between my bridge winnings and sempstress's bill. Mayhap *Il Penseroso* was right about Amaryllis, etc., for, albeit the majority of my friends are a conversational cut above what the dry cleanser did to their plaited chiffons or the butler's nipping at the claret, I do believe that few of them care even dispassionately whether or not Hamlet was mad. Going over the linen all this morning, finding our towels beginning to break, and three tea napkins missing from my newest Binche set, which put me in so desperate a state that I am almost moved to have my guests searched before leaving the house in the future, it being a natural, if careless, error to stow them away as handkerchiefs. Marge Boothby to luncheon, of stewed mushrooms in rice and a fine salad, and when I did confide to her my lofty plans for study and contemplation, she responded that she had resolved to do nought beyond caring for the flowers in her house, so that she would not be in a

(*Continued on page 32*)

A Bigger Supply of Cash

Tourist: CAN YOU CASH THIS CHECK FOR ME?
Village Banker (looking it over): I AIN'T GOT THAT MUCH, BUT I'LL TAKE YOU OVER TO THE FILLING STATION AND INTRODUCE YOU.



Golf Fiend: HA, RIPPED IT A BIT, DIDN'T I? HAVE YOU GOT A DIVOT HANDY?

A Moving Drama

SCENE: *A wildly disordered apartment in which a moving crew is struggling with a large and cumbersome desk.*

THE BOSS MOVER: Look out, it's jammed in the doorway!

THE THIRD MOVER: Let me give it a shove.

THE BOSS: Shove your grandmother. This job calls for finesse.

THE FOURTH MOVER: I never hear of the Greek.

THE BOSS: Sit down, boys. We got to think this thing out. This has got to be moved by mathematics—algebra, trigonometry or calculus. The question is, what'll it be?

THE FOURTH MOVER: A large beer.

THE BOSS: Lay off, this is costing the guy fifteen berries an hour.

THE FOURTH MOVER: How many beers is that?

THE BOSS: Has anybody got a tape measure?

THE SECOND MOVER (*dubiously*): I got an aunt with one.

THE BOSS: Never mind, I'll measure it with me eye.

THE FOURTH MOVER: Haw! Haw! He thinks he's an acrobat!

THE BOSS (*looking up*): Shut up. I'd say the doorway was about six feet by three, wouldn't you?

THE SECOND MOVER: Well, about that in round figures, roughly speaking, more or less.

THE BOSS: And the desk is about three feet by six. In other words, six by three x equals three by six y.

THE FOURTH MOVER (*brilliantly*): Sure it does, that's why it's stuck. (*The owner enters.*)

THE OWNER: What goes on here?

THE BOSS: Your desk is stuck.

THE OWNER: At fifteen smacks an hour it has nothing on me.

THE BOSS: Wait—I see it all clear now. Look—x is the doorway and y is the desk. By calculation, $x=y$. George, get me that crowbar.

THE SECOND MOVER: O. K., boss.

THE BOSS: That's the algebra, see? Now we use the logic. The doorway equals the desk and the desk equals the doorway, see? And the desk is stuck, see? And we can't move the doorway....

THE OWNER: Of course you can't move the doorway....

THE BOSS (*waving the bar triumphantly*): So we're gonna tear down the desk!

CURTAIN.

Henry William Hanemann.

"I HOPE WE SEE A REVENUE CUTTER, DON'T YOU?"

"YES, I CERTAINLY DO. THE STEWARD TELLS ME THAT WE HAVE LESS THAN A QUART OF SCOTCH ABOARD."

Well Trained

BLAKE: I wonder who owned this car before I bought it.

HAMILTON: Why?

BLAKE: Whenever it comes to a dark place on a lonely road the engine dies.

OCTOBER 6, 1927 VOL. 90, 2344

"While there is Life there's Hope"
Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
598 Madison Avenue, New York
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JUDGE THOMPSON, of Illinois, rises to correct an impression which got around that in his address before the Chicago Bar Association on September 17 he advocated nullification of some laws.

Quite right. He did not advocate the nullification even of the Volstead Act, much less of the Eighteenth Amendment. But he pointed out that nullification was nothing new, not always so bad as people supposed, and sometimes the only practicable way to oppose an objectionable law. He pointed out that it did not follow that because this or that amendment to the Constitution was disregarded, the whole Constitution was on the way to be scrapped. He reminded people that the provision of the Constitution for the election of Presidents had been swept aside, and though it existed still in form was nullified in substance. He recalled that the Constitution commands Congress to apportion representatives among the States every ten years according to population, and that Congress now refuses to obey. So it is also with the Fifteenth Amendment, nullified in the South as to Negroes "and in all States as to Mongolians." "Nullification," he said, "is a perilous remedy, but is sometimes the only safety valve which enables self-governing people to choose between tyranny and revolution. If a law is considered bad it must be attacked, and war cannot be made feebly."

Judge Thompson spoke excellent sense, and any one who says he advocated nullification puts himself in danger of a libel suit. But in his address he illustrated the very conditions that compel a resort to popular nullification. As a Judge and bound to enforce the laws, he must enforce them whether he approves them or not. If any law needs to be beaten, the objections to it must be demonstrated by the action of unofficial persons such as, in the case of Volstead, the bootleggers and their patrons.

MR. McADOO has put forth that he will not be a candidate for President next year, but is strong for reuniting the Democratic Party. Republican papers intimate that he would like it if Governor Smith would also withdraw, but probably not, for Mr. McAdoo is a practical man and must notice that Governor Smith is going strong as a candidate, and must be aware that it is of the first importance to a party that hopes to win an election and turn out a party already in charge to put up somebody that a lot of people want to vote for. The Democrats need a candidate who is thoroughly alive and full of politics. The only possible candidate who is conspicuous at present for possession of these qualities is Governor Smith.

Somebody else may turn up in the next six months. Mr. McAdoo and the anti-nullificationists might combine on Judge Thompson of Illinois, above remarked upon, as a candidate who is officially against nullification, though he is opposed to regulation of life by the central government contrary to the desires and convictions of various communities. Senator Walsh is talked about as a Democratic candidate partly because he, like Governor Smith, is a Catholic. He is a first-rate man and a fairly enthusiastic Dry, but he is no candidate at all. He is universally respected but has no special vote-getting power. He would be no better than Mr. Davis was last time.

If the Democrats are to win, they must nominate a prophet. Alfred Smith is the nearest thing to it that is in sight. If they cannot get a prophet, they cannot carry the election. No mere worthy saint or able and estimable character can do their job for them. They have got to have somebody that the Divine Fire has lit upon.

THE Republican Party, being in charge of the Government and of the Treasury Department, is in charge of the enforcement of Prohibition. They have a funny time with it. It appears that it is full of politics. Some of the brethren want to purify it, but one hears that the more practical minds look upon it as an indispensable means of rewarding party workers. If they can turn active young men into Dry agents and give them a few months of lucrative employment, they can make enough money to keep themselves awhile, while they are working for the party at low wages. The *World* quotes John W. H. Crim, of New York, who was an Assistant Federal Attorney General in the Harding administration, as asserting that Government employees are grafting twenty-five million dollars a day out of liquor and allied traffics. Probably Mr. Crim exaggerates, but he has been in a position to know what he is talking about, and if you deduct a considerable exaggeration from twenty-five million dollars a day there still remain good pickings for earnest workers. Altogether, it seems likely that the enforcement of the Prohibition laws is the greatest source of corruption, law-breaking and demoralization that ever was imposed upon the United States.

E. S. Martin.

"Get 'em While They're Hot!"

The Music

Life

usic Lovers

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, *readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.*

More or Less Serious

Black Velvet. *Liberty*—With Arthur Byron. To be reviewed later.

Blood Money. *Hudson*—A melodrama which is intelligent but not always interesting.

Closed Doors. *Greenwich Village*—With José Ruben. To be reviewed later.

The Command to Love. *Longacre*—To be reviewed next week.

Creoles. *Klaw*—With Allan Dinehart, Helen Chandler and Natacha Rambova. To be reviewed next week.

Denbigh. *Ritz*—With Alice Brady. To be reviewed later.

Four Walls. *John Golden*—To be reviewed next week.

The Garden of Eden. *Selwyn*—With Miriam Hopkins, Alison Skipworth and others. To be reviewed later.

Hidden. *Lyceum*—With Philip Merivale and Beth Merrill. To be reviewed later.

In Abraham's Bosom. *Provincetown*—This drama of the frustration of a Negro which won the Pulitzer Prize last year seems to have enough power to keep on going—which is a good sign.

The Ladder. *Cort*—They say that an entirely new version of this has been written. O. K. with us.

The Letter. *Morosco*—With Katharine Cornell. To be reviewed next week.

Porgy. *Guild*—The Theatre Guild opening its season with a Negro play. To be reviewed later.

Revel y. *Masque*—A not-so-imaginary account of goings-on in the National Capit l, based on the Adams novel, which furnishes food for thought.

Speakeasy. *Mansfield*—A melodrama. To be reviewed later.

The Spider. *Music Box*—Murder mystery which involves psychic phenomena as well as the audience.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Something to do with the relation of thunder-storms to sex. We forget exactly what.

Tenth Avenue. *Eltinge*—A boarding-house full of crooks who act well but say the darnedest things. William Boyd and Frank Morgan are two of them.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *National*—Reviewed in this issue.

Women Go On Forever. *Forrest*—Extra-sordid, but packing quite a punch on occasion. Mary Boland, oddly enough, is in it.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Who cares?

The Baby Cyclone. *Henry Miller's*—Reviewed in this issue.

Behind the Footlights. *Wallack's*—The answer is in the negative.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—As there is a company playing this in practically every city in the world now, this one must be patronized entirely by repeating New Yorkers.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—A story of true love and clowning behind the scenes which has a great deal that is fine in it, including Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck.

Her First Affaire. *Bayes*—This might have been daring fifteen years ago, but even that is doubtful.

Jimmie's Women. *Biltmore*—To be reviewed later.

Pickwick. *Empire*—Several dozen Dickens characters put on the stage with great care but little relation to life.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—Showing how pleasantly the fall of Rome was postponed by a delightful lady resembling Jane Cowl.

Romancing 'Round. *Little*—With Ralph Morgan and Peggy Conway. To be reviewed later.

Saturday's Children. *Booth*—Ruth Gordon as the young wife who solves several tough problems in a highly satisfactory manner.

The Shannons of Broadway. *Martin Beck*—With James Gleason and Lucille Webster. To be reviewed later.

Ten Per Cent. *Cohan*—Not much.

Yellow Sands. *Fulton*—Reviewed in this issue.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Allez-Oop! *Earl Carroll*—Victor Moore, Charles Butterworth and Esther Howard in some funny sketches and others not so funny.

The Circus Princess. *Winter Garden*—A great big show, with clowning by "Poodles" Hanneford and George Bickel.

The Desert Song. *Casino*—This has been running so long that the subject matter is out of date (the Riff rebellion), but that doesn't seem to make any difference. Eddie Buzzell is in it.

Enchanted Isle. *Lyric*—Very mild.

Follies of 1927. *New Amsterdam*—Mr. Ziegfeld's current expense, better than many in the past, and containing Eddie Cantor as star.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—Collegiate musical comedy which nevertheless is excellent entertainment.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—Even though you know the tunes pretty well by now, it won't hurt you to see the show. Louise Groody, Charles King and Stella Mayhew.

Manhattan Mary. *Apollo*—George White's new show, with Ed Wynn. To be reviewed later.

The Manhatters. *Ambassador*—A revue put on by the young folk which seems to be showing up some of the others.

Merry-Go-Round. *Sam H. Harris*—Marie Cahill and Don Barclay in a revue which has a great deal to recommend it.

The Merry Malones. *Erlanger's*—By George M. Cohan. To be reviewed later.

The Mikado. *Royale*—Reviewed in this issue.

My Maryland. *Jolson's*—An operetta based on the Barbara Frietchie story. Very good of its kind.

My Princess. *Shubert*—With Hope Hampton Robert Woolsey and Donald Meek. To be reviewed later.

A Night in Spain. *Forty-Fourth St.*—The regulation thing, enlivened by comedy from Phil Baker and Ted Healy and Marion Harris' singing.

Peggy-Ann. *Vanderbilt*—You wouldn't have thought that a musical show as good as this could have so long a run. Helen Ford and Lulu McConnell head the cast.

Rang Tang. *Majestic*—High-class Negro show

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—Walter Catlett, Ada May and Bert Wheeler in one of Mr. Ziegfeld's most beautiful productions.

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

Mostly Good

WE are sorry, but unless Mr. Ames will come up to our house and give us a private showing of his next Gilbert and Sullivan revival, we cannot see it. We are now definitely audience-shy, at least so far as Gilbert and Sullivan audiences are concerned. We can't stand them, and we *won't*.

Here was a production of "The Mikado" which exceeded in loveliness anything that has ever been done for Gilbert and Sullivan, even by Mr. Ames. It was so lovely that the only thing to do was cry a little.

And yet, on the opening night, it was seized by a ravenous pack of noisy wolves in the audience and torn to bits. They were so avid in their appreciation of the music that they applauded through great stretches of the precious orchestration. They were so anxious to be known as Gilbert and Sullivan lovers that they hummed through all the numbers, burst out with guttural "charmings" and "bravos" (and incidentally, those who insist on yelling "bravo" might at least get their genders right when they yell at a lady singer), and laughed long and loud at jokes which, if they were real Gilbert and Sullivan fans, they would have stopped laughing out loud at years ago.

The final outrage came when the man next to us, at the first bars of probably the most threadbare of all the Savoy songs, explained to his partner that she was now about to hear, "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring-Tra-La." And he actually said "Tra-La," too. At this, we untied his tie and went and stood up back.

WE retract what we said at the beginning about not seeing Mr. Ames' next revival. Even at the risk of bursting a blood vessel, we don't want to miss it.

JUST as we had decided that there was no such thing as a funny farce any more, along came George M. Cohan's "The Baby Cyclone." Now there *is* a funny farce.

The best part of it is that it is not *too* funny. Based on so slight a foundation as the struggle for the ownership of a Pekinese dog, it glides along for two acts on the smoothest of impossible comedy. The third act, while a trifle of a let-down, would be good enough for any other show. The general effect is delightful.

Thanks probably to Mr. Cohan's personal direction, the individual performances are practically perfect. Grant Mitchell in the lead is, of course, good. That was to be expected. But young Mr. Spencer Tracy, as the bull-headed husband driven to insanity by his wife's fidelity to the much-mooted *Cyclone* (for such is the dog's name), does a beautiful piece of work with a part which many another might well have done nothing with. The fact that every once in a while there is a faint suggestion of Mr. Cohan himself about Mr. Tracy does not hurt a bit, either. And Nan Sunderland, especially in her screaming scenes, together with our old favorite, Joseph Allen, seems also a part of the conspiracy to make "The Baby Cyclone" one of the best things in town.

YOU would not believe it possible, at this late day, that a play which takes place entirely in a courtroom, with only recesses in the trial for intermissions, could hold your interest as "The Trial of Mary Dugan" holds it. Bayard Veiller has done a remarkable piece of dramatic writing to accomplish this.

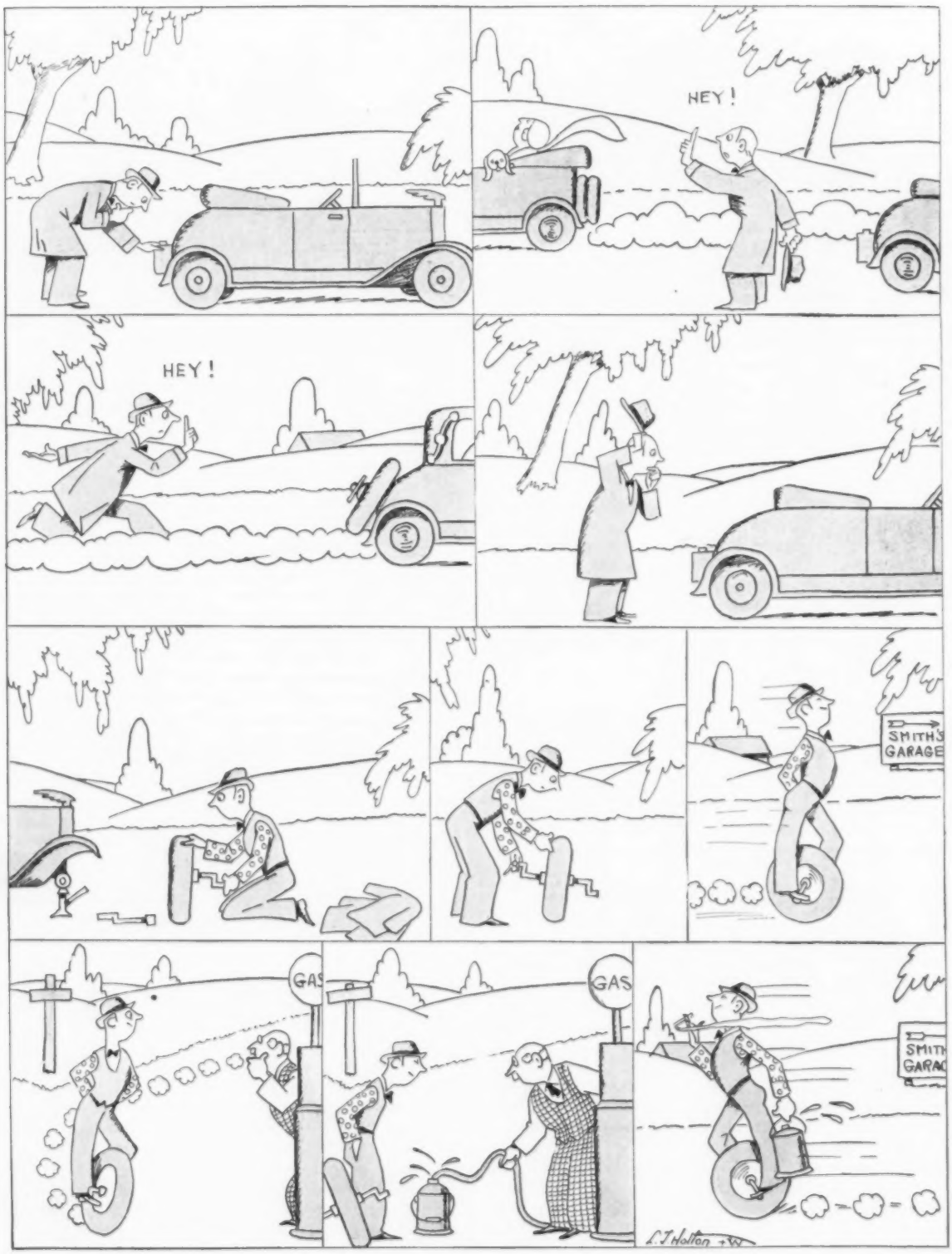
When you come into the theatre, the curtain is already up and the court attendants are whispering about preparing for the murder trial of *Miss Dugan*. The curtain never descends. And yet the end of each act, announced simply by "The Court will adjourn," has been preceded by such skilfully concocted suspense that there is more of a kick to the clerk's droning formula than to many a curtain descending on gun-play or rapine.

The plot should not be told here, but we recommend "The Trial of Mary Dugan" to your attention, and are quite at liberty to say that the cast, especially Rex Cherryman, Ann Harding, and Arthur Hohl, are in every way what Mr. Veiller's play deserves.

A PLAY from England called "Yellow Sands" seems a bit mild to stand the wear and tear of Broadway competition. In fact, it seems a bit mild to stand any competition at all, even that of a good book at home.

"Yellow Sands" is one of those English folk-plays which ease themselves into Broadway every once in a while and, as quietly, ease themselves out, leaving a faint aroma of Macassar behind them. The most interesting thing about the play to a fish-fancier would be the catch of flounder made off the Devonshire coast in which all the fish, perhaps twenty in number, were of the same size and evidently cut out of the same mother-lode of rubber. In short, some of the worst fish ever seen on the American stage.

Robert Benchley.



Off-Stage with Famous Vaudevillians

THE TRICK BICYCLE RIDER RUNS OUT OF GAS.

A Pair of Debunkers Meet and Put Their Preachings into Practice

"WELL, if it ain't my old pal George! How're ya?"

"What the hell is it to you; what do you care anyhow? Don't pull that Babbitt stuff around here."

Bride: OH, TOM, I HAVE WONDERFUL NEWS!

Husband: WHAT'S HAPPENED?

Bride: A SALESMAN CALLED TO-DAY AND I TRADED THE SEWING MACHINE AND VACUUM CLEANER FOR AN ELECTRIC COCKTAIL SHAKER.

"Why, you big bum, you know damn well that I don't give a rap whether or not you drop dead this minute. If I didn't need ten bucks, I wouldn't even have spoken to you."

"Again? Why, you cutthroat, you haven't paid that ten back yet that I loaned you last month. If it wasn't for the fact that your uncle is one of my best customers, I'd knock all your teeth down your throat."

"Are ya goin' to lend me that ten?"

"Not because I want to, you understand — here. Now, when am I going to get it back, and the other ten, too?"

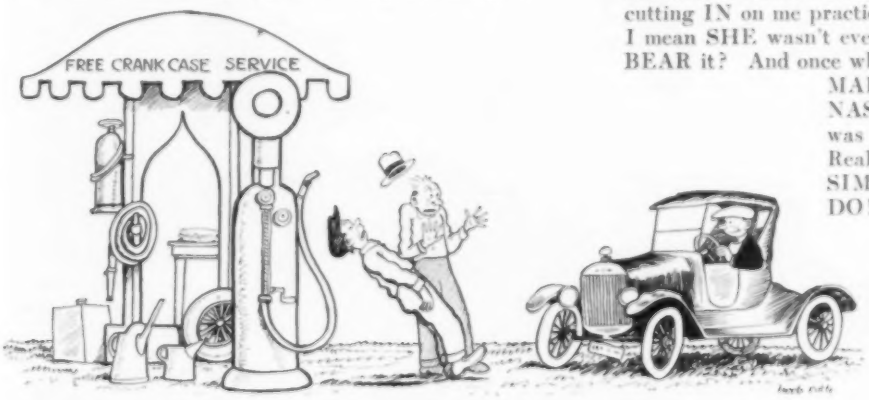
"I'm expecting a check the first of the week. I hope you die before it arrives."

"All right, I'll see you then."

"I hope not."

Dave Murray.

HISTORICAL Events: Scotchmen first learned to swim when they began building toll bridges.



THE MAN WHO ASKED FOR FREE CRANK SERVICE.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS

"I THINK HE'S diVINE, my dear—I ACtually DO, but I simply can't STAND HER, my dear, because she's so sort of SNOOPy and all, do you know what I mean? But I REally think he's a perfect PEACH because he's always so NICE to you, sort of, and I think he says the CLEVerest THINGS! But SHE'S imPOSsible, my dear—I mean I REally think she IS, because she's so STUpid, sort of, do you know what I mean? ACtually, my dear, I think she's the DUMBest mortal I've ever enCOUNtered, don't you really think she is? And I have practicably NEVer seen ANY one so JEALous of anybody as she is of HIM. HONestly, my dear, it simply SLAYS me because it is REally too abSURD because I mean I don't think he ever even FLIRTS with other people, do you think he DOES? Well, I mean, of COURSE he's always been terribly NICE to me and he ALways gives me a terRIFic rush at PARties but I mean he's so much OLDer and all that I've NEVer thought of him in THAT way because I mean he's practicably THIRty, my dear, but I mean I ACtually think it's KILLing the way she's ready to ROLL over and BUTter herself with disMAY every time he even LOOKS at anybody else because I mean I think it is HONestly too abSURD, don't you really think it IS, my dear? Well, ANYways, I can't SEE how he STANDS her because I REally think SHE is the LIMit, my dear, because she's so disaGREEable, sort of, do you know what I mean? F'r instance, just the other NIGHT at the COUNtry Club DANCE he was being TERribly nice to me and honestly GIVing me the most treMENdous WHIRL because I mean he was cutting IN on me practicably every other MINute. But I mean SHE wasn't even DANCing, my dear—can you BEAR it? And once when we sort of SKIDded BY her MADly she came up and said in the NASTiest way that she thought it was about TIME to go HOME! Really, my dear, I think she's SIMply FOUL—I mean I ACtually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

True Romance

MAE: Why do you always wear that necklace?

MASIE: Just for sentiment. My first husband gave it to me. You know, the one I shot.

PRIZE WINNERS

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT

She: YOU TOLD ME LAST SATURDAY THAT YOU'D GIVEN UP GOLF IN DISGUST AND THROWN AWAY YOUR CLUBS. WHY ARE YOU CLEANING THEM UP NOW?

He: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY ...*The pro at the club tells me not to get discouraged, for certain stances alter cases.*

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of $50.00, was submitted by

C. H. WILTBANK,
Haddonfield,
New Jersey.

Five second prizes of $10.00 each have been awarded to the following contestants:

HARRY J. FRANCIS, *San José, California,* for the Alibi: "The club rules have been changed from 'No Swearing on the Green' to 'No Swearing Off the Green.'"

ALVA FRANCIS GATES, *Berkeley, California,* for the Alibi: "I am going from bad to worse—from bunk to bunker."

GLADYS HOLLAND, *Seaforth, Ontario, Canada,* for the Alibi: "With that hazard past, I am now making a good recovery."

JOHN PIER MUNN, JR., *East Orange, New Jersey,* for the Alibi: "The doctor insists that I have my iron each day."

MRS. R. R. SCOTT, *Memphis, Tennessee,* for the Alibi: "I prefer putting on the green to putting on fat."

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 30

$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

IN every American home to-day *somebody* is figuring out an Alibi. In every American office to-day *some* one has blundered and is trying to frame up an adequate excuse for his shortcomings. Alibis are universal, world-wide.

And not only is Alibi-making a great need among men and women, but it can be also a popular sport, as LIFE's contest has proved.

Consider this week the situation in the typical American business office that our artist has depicted below. Can you put yourself in the place of the unfortunate salesman in the picture? His expense account is too big, much too big, and the treasurer is calling him to account for it. How did it happen? Can you imagine yourself in such a fix? What would you say?

He needs help and needs it badly. If you can aid him to complete an ingenious Alibi, and can do it in twenty-five words or less, you will be eligible to win one of the six cash prizes, which are as follows:

First Prize, $50.00

Five Second Prizes of $10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-FOUR will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions on page 30 carefully—and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-THREE

Treasurer: WHAT'S THE IDEA OF A FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR EXPENSE ACCOUNT FOR A TWO-DAY TRIP TO HOMEBURG?
Salesman: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...

Movie Directors Wanted

for the New Art of Amateur Cinematography

HAVE you heard about the newest of all dramatic arts . . . *Movie Direction?* No previous experience is necessary. No years of apprenticeship are needed.

Tomorrow you can be "on location." Directing your own movie. Making your own action-shots—close-ups—love scenes. With all the joyous thrills and fun that go with movie making.

How to start

Of course you've read how Eastman Scientists have developed an amazing little camera for Amateur Movie Making. Almost overnight this camera introduced a new art . . . a new opportunity for self expression.

And best of all, you too can get these Movie thrills. Today . . . tomorrow. Whenever you want to start making pictures.

The very first thing to do is to get a Ciné-Kodak. Thousands are using this wonderful camera with professional results. Everything is simplicity itself! No need to focus. No troublesome, grinding crank. Just sight the camera, either from waist height or eye level.

Then press the button. A shutter whirls inside, and the film slides swiftly behind the lens.

Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, is registered for all time on your film.

. . . we do the rest

Press the button, and *your* work is done. No troublesome developing. No bother or fuss. We finish your films at no extra cost, and return them to you ready to run.

Then, with equal ease your films are shown. Switch on your Kodascope Projector and instantly the screen becomes alive with action. Drama . . . adventure . . . romance . . . all are captured on the film and flash into a swift pattern of light and shadow in the quiet of your darkened room.

Ciné-Kodak embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-making methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made "still" photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

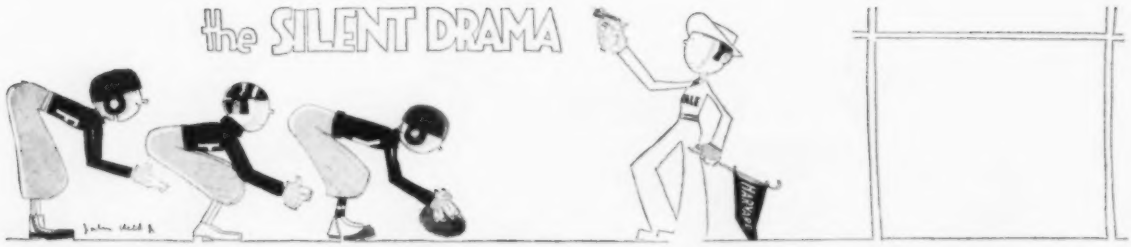
To supplement your program, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-foot reels covering a variety of subjects, may be purchased at your dealer's. Price $7.50 per reel. You may also rent full length films of famous stars from the nearest Kodascope Library.

A complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen, may be had for as little as $140. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Ciné-Kodak safety film, in the yellow box. See your dealer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. LF1, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name .....

Address .....



"The Cat and the Canary"

IT is an old theory—usually borne out bodily by the facts—that mystery melodrama can never be so exciting on the screen as it is on the stage. The movies, for some obscure reason, appear to be too realistic to cope with the purely fantastic type of thriller.

In "The Cat and the Canary," however, the theory is blasted into small particles; for here is a movie that is both mysterious and melodramatic. This is accomplished by dint of extraordinary camera tricks ("fluid photography," it might be called), following the method that was used so memorably in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

"THE Cat and the Canary" was directed by a German, Paul Leni, who is known only to the more erudite movie-goers in this country. He has done a fine job in emphasizing illusion at the expense of pitiless reality, and in giving the spectator no time to pause and ask himself, "Say! What *is* this all about, anyway?"

The cast is a good one. Laura La Plante, the star, looks cute and terrified, and there is more than competent support from Creighton Hale, Tully Marshall and Martha Mattox.

"The Cat and the Canary" may be written down as an exceptionally effective spine-chiller.

"College"

THE notion of a pathetic sap of a freshman trying to make good in college is hardly new, and one would guess offhand that there were no approaches to this subject that had not been previously explored. But there evidently are, as indicated by Buster Keaton in "College."

In this crazy comedy, Mr. Keaton tries practically every form of foolishment that the mind of man can conceive, with several additional forms that are utterly inconceivable. The result is a picture that is ridiculous enough to be extremely funny.

IN the far-distant millennium—possibly when the Great American Movie is released—there will be a college picture about a university which is not co-educational.

Certainly, "College" is not that picture. One gathers from it that the first impulse of a winning varsity crew on reaching the boathouse after the big race is to rush hungrily for the cheering co-eds and start necking.

A Vain Hope

DISPATCHES from Hollywood indicate that the producers out there are greatly worried by the demonstrations of Hibernian wrath that have attended showings of "The Callahans and the Murphys." As a result, it has been decided "to produce no more pictures that insult the Irish."

One of these days the Movie Moguls may become aroused and decide to produce no more pictures that insult the intelligence.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Soft Cushions. Douglas MacLean in a mildly amusing comedy of old Bagdad.

The Joy Girl. In which the alluring Olive Borden is taught that money isn't everything.

The Garden of Allah. Rex Ingram again demonstrates his extraordinary appreciation of beauty.

Hula. That demure little miss, Clara Bow, is too sweet for words. At least, I can't think of any that are strong enough.

Underworld. A powerful, raw-meaty melodrama of machine-gun warfare in Chicago, with George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent.

Adam and Evil. A collection of all the old "Mr. and Mrs." gags.

Service for Ladies. Adolphe Menjou as a very nice headwaiter in a really graceful comedy.

Old San Francisco. "Who will save me from the clutches of this lecherous Chinaman?" wails Dolores Costello, desperately. "I will save you, Miss," calls out the San Francisco earthquake, who up to that time had taken no part in the conversation.

The Callahans and the Murphys. Previously reviewed.

The Blood Ship. The blackest villainy seen in years, and very exciting it is, too.

Rolled Stockings. Don't be deceived by the title. This is really a pleasant picture.

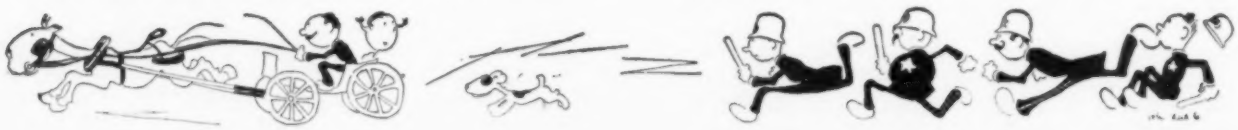
Resurrection. Dolores Del Rio is magnificent in a grim, relentless Russian drama, ably directed by Edwin Carewe.

Tillie the Toiler. A wise-cracking heroine from the comic strips impersonated by Marion Davies.

Fast and Furious. Just a good, average Reginald Denny farce.

Camille. Norma Talmadge goes the way of all emotional actresses to the deathbed of *Camille*.

Seventh Heaven, Chang, Wings, The Patent Leather Kid, Stark Love, The Way of All Flesh, Old Ironsides, What Price Glory and **The Big Parade** are all good. (This, by the way, marks the final appearance of "The Big Parade" in these columns, after a two-years' run.)



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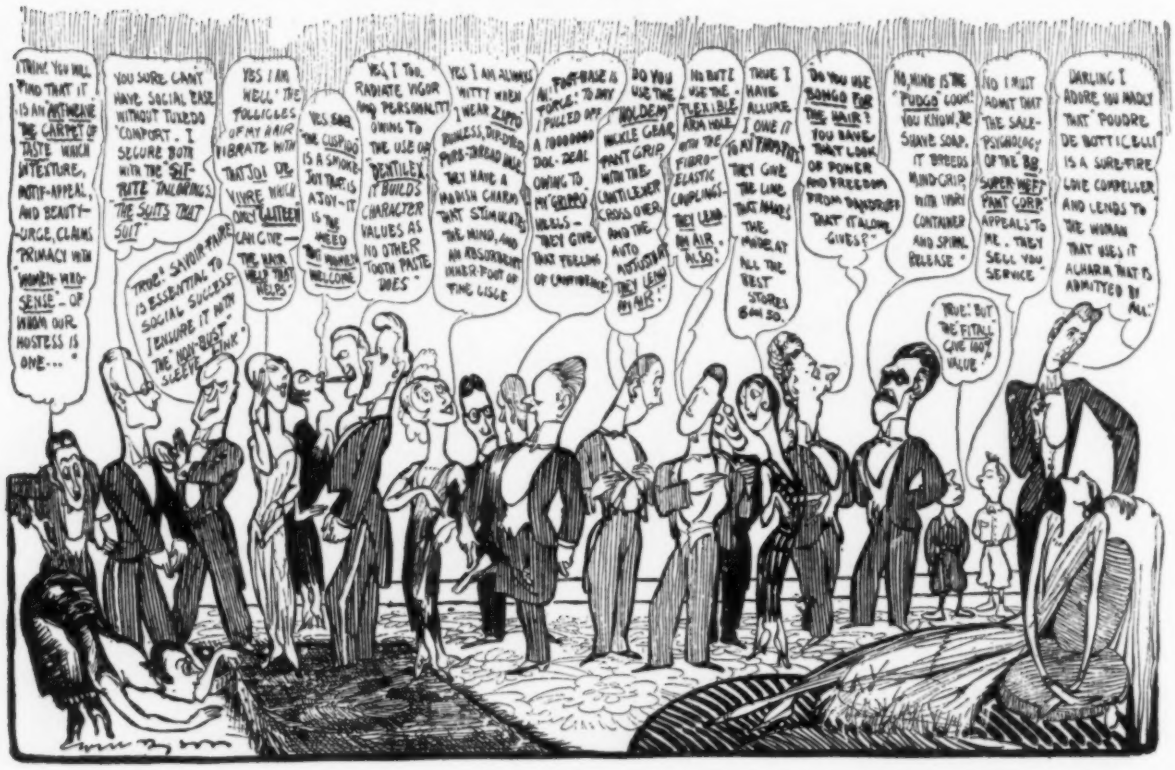

POLITE CONVERSATION IN AMERICA AS IMAGINED BY A DILIGENT READER OF THE ADVERTISEMENT SECTIONS OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

—*Melbourne (Australia) Herald.*

In the Ring

IMPATIENT SECOND (*to battered middleweight*): Wot you've got to do is go after him.

BATTERED MIDDLEWEIGHT: 'E won't let me. 'E comes after me.

—*London Daily Chronicle.*

STUNT flying is apt to stunt flying.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"THAT ORATOR OF YOURS TALKS PRETTY BIG, DOESN'T HE?"

"IT'S THE LOUD-SPEAKERS—WHATEVER HE SAYS GETS AMPLIFIED."

—*Le Journal (Paris).*

Cruel

THEY tell of a dear old lady, resident in the Gramercy Park section, who could not be prevailed upon by her son, a prominent engineer, to accompany him to a polo match. She had a vague idea, it seems, that the horses were frequently killed. Her son laughingly assured her that she must be thinking of bull fights and that the only weapon used in polo was a mallet. "It is," he told her, "very much like croquet." The dear old lady was still adamant. "I couldn't bear," she explained, "to see the poor horses trip on the wickets."—*New Yorker.*

The First of All

DR. CURVIN H. GINGRICH, professor of astronomy and mathematics at Carleton College, as reported by the *Carletonian*, the student paper:

"Comets should be given the distinction of being the first rotarians."

—*American Mercury.*

STENOGRAPHER (*back from her vacation*): And the sunsets over Lake Wahnagasco! There wasn't an evening the clouds wasn't as pink as a petty cash voucher!—*New York World.*

POLITICAL Maxim: Many claim to be called but only a few do not choose.

—*Detroit News.*

As Burgess Might Comment

"Scientists say cows laugh."—*News item.*

I NEVER heard a laughing cow,
I never hope to hear one;
But this I'll say this very day,
I'd rather hear than rear one.

—*New York Sun.*

THE most difficult intelligence test is to be a popular hero.

—*Hartford Times.*

"WHERE'RE YOU OFF TO?"

"DOWN THE CREEK FOR A SWIM."

"WELL, MIND, IF YOU GET DROWNDED, DON'T YOU GO COMIN' 'OME TO ME."

—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

All Set to Go

(A Sports Writer's Plaint)

THERE's a thrill in the air,
I can feel it coming;
There's a chill through the glare
Where the winds are strumming;
For the Old Grad's waiting
With his annual scream
When you forget to write about
His football team.

There's a loud roar near,
Like the rolling thunder;
There's a poisoned spear
That will rip asunder;
For the Old Grad's crouching,
And his aim is true
When you forget to write about
The Green or Blue.

—*Grantland Rice,*
in New York Herald Tribune.

Loss

"DON'T you miss the oldtime barkeep?"

"Yeh, these night club hostesses don't want to listen to your troubles."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

To be in society now, one must have a box at the opera and a ringside seat.

—*Collier's.*

"I HAVE TO ANNOUNCE TO MADAM THAT MY ENGAGEMENT IS BROKEN."
"I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THAT, ANNA."
"BUT MADAM HAS TOLD ME THAT I MUST ALWAYS REPORT ON WHATEVER GETS BUSTED IN THE KITCHEN."
—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich).*

Neighbors

Two little English girls made friends while playing on the seashore.

Said Number One to Number Two: "Where do you live?"

"In London," replied Number Two.

"London?" said Number One, suitably impressed. "That's where the King and Queen live, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Number Two, and then with becoming modesty she added, "but not in our street."

—*London Morning Post.*

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Keep Smiling!

"HE has such a sad face—I would like to know why."

"Perhaps on account of his face."

—*Jugend (Munich).*

LADY *(buying a car)*: Now, there was some other question I wanted to ask you. Ah, yes—what is the brute force of the car?—*Punch (London).*

"I SHOULD think an aviator's wife would feel so temporary."

—*Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.*

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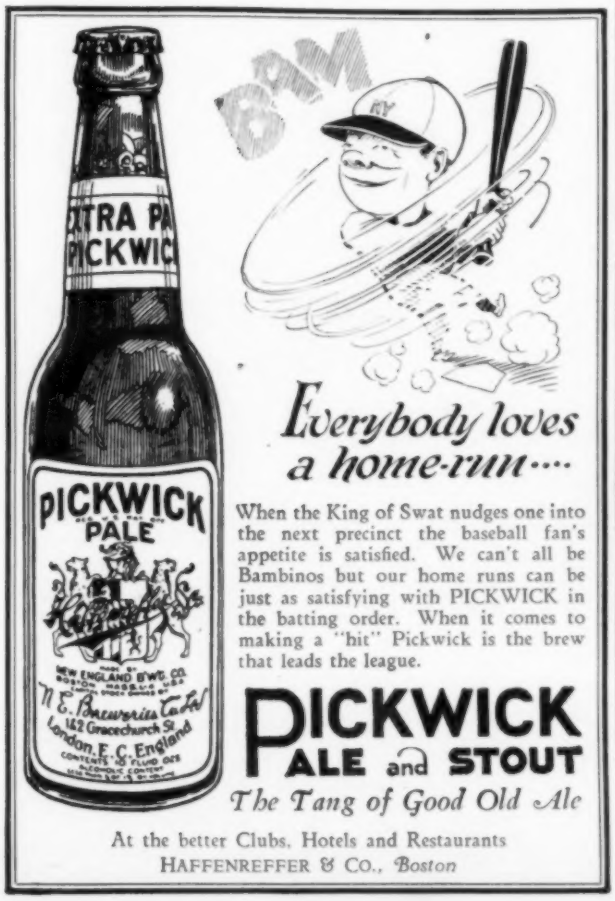

Everybody loves a home-run....

When the King of Swat nudges one into the next precinct the baseball fan's appetite is satisfied. We can't all be Bambinos but our home runs can be just as satisfying with PICKWICK in the batting order. When it comes to making a "hit" Pickwick is the brew that leads the league.

PICKWICK PALE and STOUT

The Tang of Good Old Ale

At the better Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants
HAFFENREFFER & CO., *Boston*

The Luxury Cruise to the

Mediterranean

PALESTINE EGYPT

A pleasure cruise exceeding every expectation—Luxurious comfort, perfect service, enjoyable entertainment on board the "Rotterdam." Scenic splendor, strange and thrilling sights in interesting Old World lands.

By the famous "Rotterdam" 7th Cruise
Leaving New York, February 2, 1928

Under the HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE'S *own management*

THE "ROTTERDAM"
24,170 tons register
37,190 tons displacement

Has a world-wide reputation for the magnificence and comfort of her appointments, the surpassing excellence of her cuisine and the high standards of service and management on board.

71 DAYS OF DELIGHTFUL DIVERSION ITINERARY includes Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, (Granada) Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples (first call), Tunis, Athens, Constantinople, Beirut, Haifa, Jerusalem (the Holy Land), Alexandria, Cairo (and Egypt), Cattaro, Ragusa, Venice, Naples (second call), Monaco, and the Riviera. Carefully planned Shore Excursions. Stop-over in Europe.

Number of guests limited
COST OF CRUISE $955 UP.
American Express Co. Agents in Charge of Shore Excursions.
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The Winkels of Java

The principal island of the Dutch East Indies is one of the most picturesque in the World, with its odd life, cluttered winkels (bazaars), beautiful batiks, native customs and Eastern color. Over 650 miles long and 129 wide, Java is rich in coffee, sugar, tea, indigo and tobacco. The Dutch have ruled it almost continuously since 1610. We visit its capital, Batavia, on the

World Cruise Supreme

aboard the specially-chartered Cunard Cruising Ship
FRANCONIA
Sailing from New York January 7
Returning May 31, 1928

An entirely NEW ROUTE of 34,000 miles by sea and 10,000 by land—two cruises in one, covering the Northern and Southern Hemispheres; a voyage of panoramic range and interest never before undertaken.

Let us send you the unique Map and illustrated Guidebook

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New York Philadelphia Baltimore
Boston Chicago St. Louis
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Toronto Montreal Vancouver

Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(*Please turn to page 24 for other information.*)

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-THREE."

The first prize of $50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way...." Five second prizes of $10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-THREE should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER FORTY-THREE must reach LIFE's office before noon on October 20, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of November 10, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition in the Contest.

Injustice

A MAGISTRATE recently said that a man who invented a really effective silencer for motor-cycles deserved to have a public monument. We disagree; we feel that he should be rewarded in some way.

—*Humorist* (*London*).

You had best try to save something while your salary is small. It is almost impossible to save after you begin earning more.—*Milwaukee Journal.*

Pipe Smoker Finds Price Does Not Determine Tobacco Satisfaction

Apparently in selecting a certain tobacco, smokers suspend the rule: "The more you pay, the better you'll like it."

Read of this young man's experience:

Chicago, Ill.
February 17, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I'm just a young man—less than thirty. About five years ago I switched from cigarettes to a pipe. Why? Because I found that a pipe required the least attention and also interrupted me in my work the least.

At first I only smoked the more expensive brands of tobacco. Then I tried the less expensive blends. I guess I tried them all. Finally I tried Edgeworth. I liked it at the start—and repeated, and repeated.

For the last four years I have smoked nothing but Edgeworth—except when I was unable to obtain it. And, whenever I couldn't get it and had to substitute, I was glad to return to Edgeworth as soon as possible. Now I smoke about two cans of Edgeworth every four days.

No other tobacco can take the place of Edgeworth in my pipe.

Sincerely,
Paul A. Johnston

To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 16 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. — the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles.

Cruelty to Children

One law ought to go on the statute books—quick. It would prohibit publication of those highly suggestive cartoons about the opening of school. These cartoons may amuse adults, but they torture boys and girls. The law should further stipulate that all advertisements about school books and supplies and clothing be kept from the pages of the public press before September 10, because of their demoralizing influence in the life of small and medium-sized boys.

There is no greater anguish in the world for the active youth than the ribald announcement that school is about to open.

Let the humane society get on the job.
—*Emporia Gazette.*

Heard on a Street Car

"How was Book Week?" asked one fair passenger of another, the former having been absent from the city.

"Oh, just grand," responded the other. "I was crazy about it; it was such an education. I met that big author, you know who I mean, and he was just wonderful. And that woman that writes for the magazines and everything, I talked to her. You'd know her if I could think of what she's written. And I met a lot of those big writers—you'd know who they are, they've all written just scads of things. I can't remember the names, but you know, dearie. It was marvelous."

"Gee, I wish I'd been here," sighed the other regretfully.—*Indianapolis News.*

Another Pacific Flyer

"Young man wishes employment. Willing to go anywhere. Have just returned from Mexico and would like to fly to Honolulu. Health isn't very good but have lots of ambition and am taking a correspondence course in aviation."—*Vega (Tex.) News.*

Why, he's as good as in Honolulu already.—*New Yorker.*

Across the Atlantic

FRANCE GERMANY — ENGLAND IRELAND

Attractive and comfortable accommodations are offered on the splendid steamers Resolute, Reliance, Hamburg (new), Deutschland and Albert Ballin. Also on the one-class Cabin steamers Cleveland, Thuringia and Westphalia. World famous cuisine and service.

Around the World

138 day Cruise—25 Countries
S. S. RESOLUTE
Rates—$2000 and up
Leaving New York, JAN. 6, 1927

To the West Indies
on the S. S. RELIANCE
DEC. 18—15 days JAN. 8—15 days
JAN. 26—27 days FEB. 26—27 days
MARCH 30—15 days
Rates $200 and $300 and up.

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SUNSET LIMITED

Sunshine all the Way

Old missions and churches, quaint and colorful, weave their magic spell over the Sunset Route between New Orleans and Los Angeles and San Francisco. Here Spaniard, Indian and Mexican have contributed landmarks and customs which make this a veritable foreign tour.

Sunset Route

The Sunset Limited, a luxurious all-steel train, leaves New Orleans daily at 10.40 A. M. Club Car; Observation Car; Ladies' Lounge and bath; *Superb equipment throughout.*

Another excellent train, the Argonaut, with wide vestibule Observation Car and through sleeper for San Diego via Carriso Gorge, leaves New Orleans daily at 11.00 P.M.

STOPOVER PRIVILEGES

Liberal stopovers at New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, El Paso, Tucson, Phoenix, etc. Convenient service for the Apache Trail motor side trip.

While in the West see the whole Pacific Coast from Mexico to Canada — thriving cities, age-old missions, gigantic trees, majestic peaks, the romance and picturesqueness of the Orient—1500 miles of inspiration and beauty.

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Years of exacting craftsmanship have won for Milano a reputation respected wherever men appreciate good pipes. So sweet, *so mild* is Milano, it makes the finest tobacco seem finer. Hand-fashioned of century-old Italian briar.

All popular model—plain or rustic finish, $3.50 up.

"INSURED"

Each Milano is "insured" for your protection by a special "policy", and the policy is "underwritten" by the little White Triangle on the stem.

WM. DEMUTH & CO.
230 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
World's Largest Makers of Fine Pipes

It's a WDC
WDC

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(*Continued from page* 14)

state of silent fury with her servants for not changing the water and cutting the stems, forasmuch as symphony concerts have ceased to be a solace to her against such domestic afflictions, and she does fear to grow into the sort of old woman who cannot keep a paid companion more than a month. Sam home betimes, bringing with him Bob Burchard, who told of having built himself a house in France and piping its baths from the sea so that he might enjoy a saline dip, and then being legally forced to disrupt all the plumbing because salt was a government monopoly. Whereupon I did tell him he should have arranged with the government agents to pour back, at his expense, into the ocean whatever amount of salt they thought he was consuming, and he did seem genuinely sorry not to have thought of it.

September 14th Finished the linen betimes, reflecting, as I went over Sam's handkerchiefs, that mothers should think twice before middle-naming their sons "De Lancey" or "St. Clair" because of the complications in the initialing of their personal apparel, and further, that perhaps this very branding is a form of egotism quite unjustifiable save for the fact that it gives employment to indigent needlewomen. On the telephone this morning for well nigh thirty minutes with old Mistress Barnes, who does consider the wire a medium of social conversation and, in ringing me to inquire if I am sure her niece is landing on such and such a date, will recall a wedding party of fifty years ago and manage to end up with the travels of Mayor Walker. So that I, who do sound to my friends over the telephone as if I am either severely ill or desperately angry, was at some pains to keep up my end, and afterwards did require a strong beaker of stimulant before I could go on with the order of my day. Dined at home, and so to bed early, reading Mistress Colby's "Black Stream," the most incoherent book that ever I did come upon in my life, but I did finish it, merely to find if it would make any sense at all for me, which it did not, albeit I was careful to read aloud to Sam the snatches dealing with Jim Brazee's mania for giving his wife presents. I do set down the foregoing in no meanness of spirit, but when one lays out between two and three dollars for a piece of transient fiction, is it too much to ask that an occasional sentence have a subject and predicate?

Baird Leonard.

That Fat
Is Unnecessary

Look about in any circle. Note how slenderness prevails. Countless people who once were fat have lost that handicap.

The easy, pleasant way is with Marmola Prescription Tablets. They correct the cause. No abnormal exercise or diet is required.

Marmola has been used for 20 years. Year by year more and more people have learned its benefits and its efficiency. They have told the results to others. Now people are using it in a very extensive way.

You should know this method based on long scientific research. Diet and exercise often fail, and often do much harm. Learn the results and benefits of this easy, pleasant way. The way which has been tested for nearly two decades.

You simply take four tablets daily, then watch results. Reduction is never too rapid. Cease Marmola when you reach the weight desired, and note how much better you feel. Then, in kindness to your friends, tell others the effects. Start now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

Genuine BAYER

ASPIRIN

Say "Bayer" - Insist!

For Colds — Headache
Pain — Lumbago
Neuralgia — Rheumatism

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Safe — Accept only a Bayer package

which contains proven directions

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

A Burst Ball

According to a smelting firm, tinfoil collected for charitable purposes should never be rolled into a ball, but kept flat for grading purposes, thus increasing its value.

THERE had always been love in the labour
And a delicate joy in the toil.
I knew I was helping my neighbour
When I fashioned that spheroid of foil,
For the hospital people desired it
And my gift should be reckless and free,
And I often observed, as I fondly admired it,
"How glad they will be!"

As a mother who watches with pleasure
Her infant progressing in size,
I took pride in the growth of my treasure
And viewed it with wondering eyes.
How I smacked it and punched it and rolled it,
To ensure a more spherical state!
How often I bade my acquaintances hold it,
And guess at its weight.

But, alas! all my pleasure has faded,
For now I am solemnly told
Tinfoil, to be properly graded,
Must never be rumpled or rolled.
Must I spoil, then, my darling's appearance,
By keeping its laminæ flat,
And bow to a smelter's absurd interference?
I won't—and that's that!
—*"Touchstone,"*
in London Morning Post.

JUD TUNKINS says divorces have become so common that pretty soon really smart people will avoid them.
—*Washington Star.*

Stars
of the screen use this eye beautifier

80% of movie stars questioned say they use *Murine* to keep their eyes always clear and luminous, and to relieve eye strain caused by working under glaring lights. Use this harmless lotion to improve *your* eyes!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

THIS IS THE NEW ARROW

TREND

Starched Collars are back.

Back on the necks of men who occupy places in this world where appearances count.

Soft collars are all right on the Links or in the Country.

But in the City

Well, it just isn't the thing.

To impress favorably you must wear Starched Collars.

ARROW COLLARS

C 215

The site of Hotel Cleveland, on the Public Square of Cleveland, has been used continuously for hotels since 1802. The original building was Mowrey's Tavern—a station on the old Post Road.

IN Hotel Cleveland—the most modern successor to a long line of famous hotels—you'll find the same hearty hospitality, the same friendly helpfulness of those old coaching days. We like to see to it that you enjoy your stay here.

Hotel Cleveland is convenient to all parts of the city. Every room has private bath in connection. Servidor service; floor clerks.

Room rates from $3.00.

HOTEL CLEVELAND
PUBLIC SQUARE, CLEVELAND

Lessons in New Yorkese

A Matter of Opinion

"OLEMMEY lookattit willya Joe? Ofa gossakes syou anna jane ainnit? Some face onna jane Joe."

"Smatta witha face onna?"

"You tellem Joe. Iyaint wunna thesenow plasta soigins."

"Saylissen Mae thisheresa bathin pitcha notta Zickfiel ottstudy. Nevvamine aface onna. Shesgotta betta built nyou."

"Aw damakeme laff. Withem hips? Shesgotta figga likea cynic railway."

"Lissen Mae wimmen is sapposed tahave hips."

"Naffourafive apiece izzey?"

"Well shes gotta legs crawsed inna pitcha. Jussasame shesgotta betta built nyou."

"Iyaint gonno hips likeat."

"Youwaint gonno waist likeat neetha. Youre *fat!*"

"Pomme jusay Iwas *fat?*"

"Swatt Isaid anyou knowit. Youre fat you gotta ammittit."

"Well Iyaint no aspairagis but Iyaint gonno hips likeat annIyaint gonno face likeat neetha."

"Iyaint sayin shesa woilbeata. Jussasame shes gotta betta built nyou."

"Awya gimme apain. Onnist Joe shes tearabil! Havinya pitcha takin witha too. Ima shamedaya!"

"WawazItado wenneywas takin pitchas ack cute? Heresa snasshot. Tearritup boinit trowitaway. Isha worry."

"Isha hope so. Afinelookin palooka Imussay."

"Aw dagget soweggsited Mae. Sheyaint nuttinta me. Sfrenna Gusses. Guskin havva. Youre *my* goil."

"Well Iguess Igotta take yawoid ferrit. Yadmit Igottit onna doya?"

"Ya gottit onna likea tent Mae. No oggamint Mae. Whosed diffrint Iwanna know? Buttapot from that..."

"Apot from that, yeah...?"

"Apot from that Mae shes gotta betta built nyou."

Henry William Hanemann.

The Effect Must Have Worn Off

NANCY went to visit her cousins one day. When she arrived, Aunt Margaret said:

"Now, let Nancy have whatever she wants, because she is your guest."

After a few minutes of playing Nancy ran out to the kitchen and said:

"Aunt Margaret, will you please tell them who I am?"—*Liberty.*

"ARE garage mechanics servants?" is the question before a high court. The judge can settle this in a jiffy by going to any garage and ordering a mechanic to make it snappy.—*New York Sun.*

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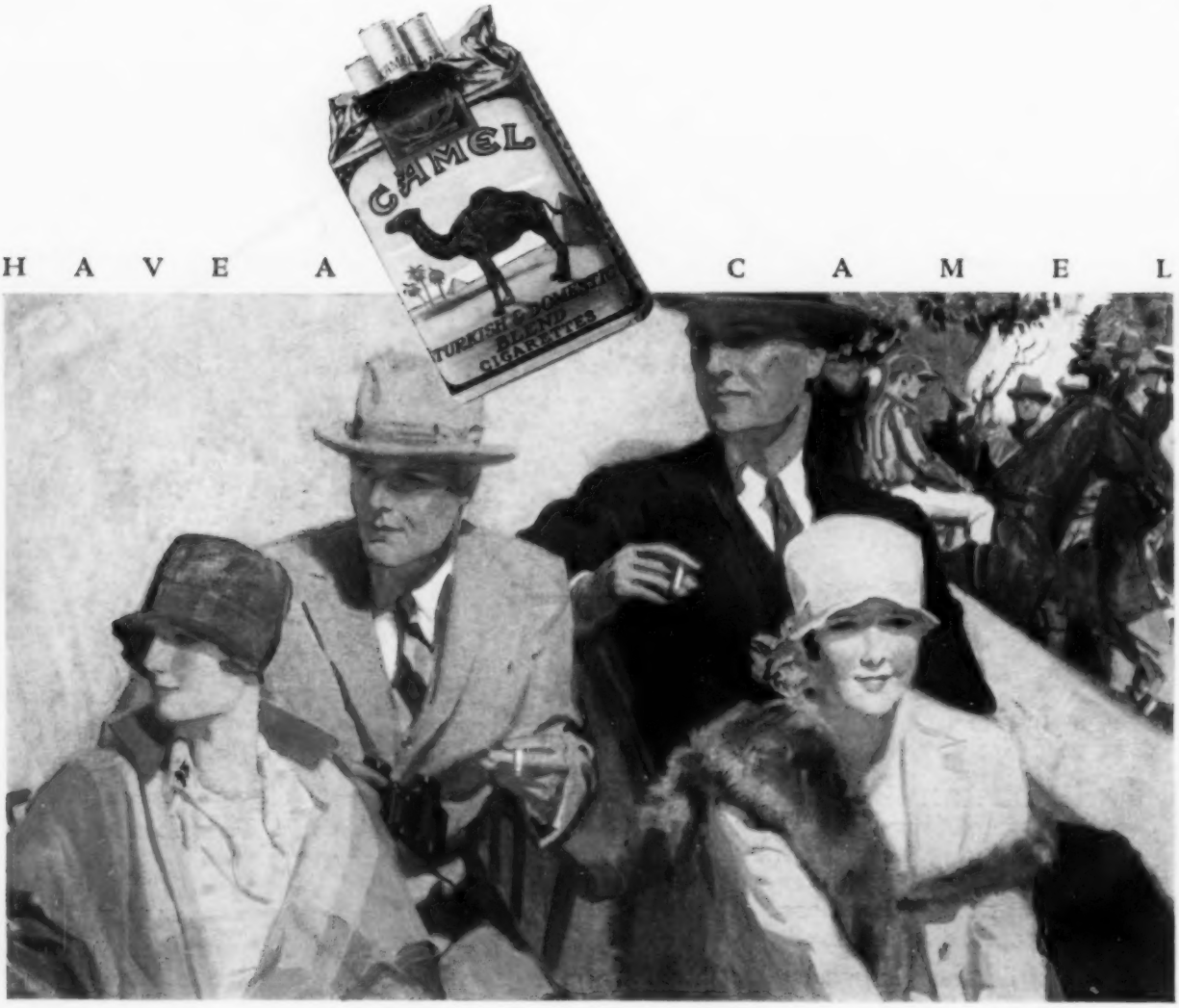

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